

# RATS DIE BY GAS!



THE RATS DIDN'T BOTHER WEBB. A SMILE INCHED ACROSS HIS FACE. HE HAD ELUDED THE COPS. NOW ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS WAIT FOR THE SHIP TO SAIL ..... SO HE BREATHED DEEPLY ..... FREELY !!!

IT WAS ONLY SIX MONTHS AGO IN THE 'OFFICE' OF RACKET BOSS HARRY "GASSY" WEBB ....

BUT, BOSS!! WE ALREADY WARNED HIM TWICE! HE SAYS HE WON'T PAY PROTECTION!

LISTEN YOU THICK-HEADED APE, WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER I EXPECT IT TO BE CARRIED OUT! LOMS SHOE STORE IS GOING TO PAY PROTECTION !

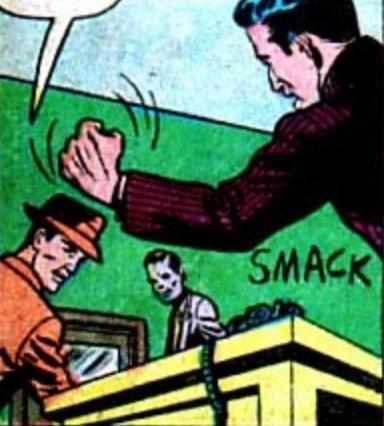


# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



USE A SMALL GAS BOMB, YOU  
IDIOTS! THAT'LL BRING OLD MAN  
LOMS AROUND TO OUR WAY OF  
THINKIN'! NOW GET OUT!!  
I WANT RESULTS!

OKAY,  
BOSS!



AFTER THE HOODS LEFT...

I WAS LISTENING  
IN THE OTHER  
ROOM, HARRY...  
BOY, YOU SURE  
TOLD THOSE PUGS  
TOOK OFF! THEY WERE  
SCARED SILLY!

I GOT  
EVERYBODY  
SCARED SILLY,  
HARRY "GASSY"  
WEBB DOESN'T  
USE ANY  
VIOLENCE, ONLY  
GAS. THAT'S WHY  
THEY CALL ME  
"GASSY"!



THAT NIGHT AT LOMS SHOE STORE...

THIS GAS BOMB OUGHTA SHOW  
OLD MAN LOMS WE MEAN  
BUSINESS!

BY TOMORROW  
MORNING HE'LL BE  
BEGGING US FOR  
"PROTECTION"! THE  
BOSS IS A GENIUS  
WHEN IT COMES TO  
GASES AND CHEMICALS!



LOMS LOMS PAID HIS "PROTECTION" FEE THE  
NEXT DAY... OH, YES, HARRY WEBB HELD  
THE RACKETS OF THE ENTIRE CITY IN THE  
PALM OF HIS HANDS....

YES, THE GAS SPOILED  
MY ENTIRE STOCK... I'LL  
PAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION.

NOW YOU'RE  
SEEING THINGS  
RIGHT, MR.  
LOMS!



BUT EVEN THIS DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH FOR  
HARRY WEBB... HE WANTED AN EVEN FASTER BUCK.

FOR PETE'S SAKE,  
HARRY, WHY DON'T YOU  
SIT DOWN? YOU'VE BEEN  
AS RESTLESS AS A  
CAT LATELY! WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?

I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS  
SMALL-TIME STUFF! SURE,  
THE DOUGH ROLLS IN FAST  
... BUT IT COSTS ME A LOT  
TO RUN THE JOINTS AND  
PAY OFF THE BOYS!



I'D LIKE TO MAKE ONE  
BIG HAUL... BIG ENOUGH  
SO'S I NEVER HAVE TO  
LIFT A FINGER AGAIN  
THE REST OF MY LIFE!

AH, YOU'RE NUTS!!  
THERE AIN'T THAT  
MUCH MONEY IN  
CIRCULATION TODAY!  
THE SUCKERS DON'T  
SPEND LIKE THEY  
USED TO!



BUT HARRY DIDN'T GET HIS NICKNAME "GASSY"  
FOR NOTHING... THE NEXT DAY HE RECEIVED  
A VISITOR AT HIS "OFFICE"...

THE BOYS SAID YOU BEEN WAITIN' FOR ME  
ALL MORNING, MISTER... I DON'T KNOW YOU  
... WHATTA YOU WANT?



I THINK I HAVE A  
PROPOSITION IN WHICH  
YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED  
MISTER WEBB!  
MAY I SEE YOU ALONE?

I DOUBT THAT, BUDDY....  
BUT GO AHEAD ANYWAY! I  
AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ELSE  
TO DO NOW.

PERHAPS YOU  
WOULD BE MORE  
CONCERNED, MISTER  
WEBB, IF I TOLD  
YOU THAT A  
MILLION DOLLARS  
WAS INVOLVED!

A MILLION BUCKS!!  
KEEP TALKIN', BUDDY!  
THAT KINDA DOUGH  
WOULD INTEREST  
ANYBODY!

I REPRESENT A FOREIGN  
POWER, MISTER WEBB!  
MY NAME... AND THE  
NAME OF MY COUNTRY IS  
NOT IMPORTANT... WHAT  
IS IMPORTANT IS THE JOB  
WE WANT YOU TO DO!!



WE CHOSE YOU BECAUSE YOU  
KNOW ALL ABOUT GAS. WE  
KNOW YOU WERE IN THE  
POISON GAS DIVISION IN  
THE LAST WAR!

THEY DON'T  
CALL ME GASSY  
FOR NOTHING.  
YEH, I KNOW  
ALL ABOUT GAS!

BUT WHAT'S THAT  
GOT TO DO WITH  
ME?

IT'S SIMPLE, MISTER WEBB!  
YOUR COUNTRY HAS BEEN  
WORKING ON A SECRET ANTI-  
GAS FORMULA. WE KNOW IT'S  
ALMOST COMPLETED. MY COUNTRY  
WANTS IT.... AND WILL PAY  
YOU A MILLION DOLLARS TO  
GET IT FOR US!!



AND SO AT THAT MOMENT WEBB'S LIFE CHANGED...  
INSTEAD OF PLAYING THE RACKETS, HE SWITCHED  
TO A MILLION DOLLAR PLAN OF TREASON! LATER  
THAT NIGHT!

ARE YOU SURE EVERYTHING IS CLEAR TO YOU? I  
AM LEAVING NOW... WE WILL NOT MEET AGAIN UNTIL  
YOUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED. WHEN YOU HAVE  
THE FORMULA, BOARD THE SHIP S.S. ROSSIA. YOUR  
PASSAGE WILL BE ARRANGED.... I WILL MEET YOU  
IN MID-OCEAN!



REMEMBER I GET  
PAID OFF IN GOLD.  
BUT HOW WILL I  
NOTIFY YOU THAT  
I'VE GOT THE  
FORMULA?

DO NOT WORRY,  
WEBB.... ONE OF  
OUR AGENTS WILL  
KNOW OF YOUR  
EVERY MOVE! THAT  
FORMULA MEANS  
MORE TO US THAN THE  
MONEY!



THE ONLY ASSISTANCE THE FOREIGN AGENT WAS ABLE TO GIVE HARRY WEBB, WAS TO TELL HIM THAT PROFESSOR FREDERICK HOLT HAD BEEN PLACED IN CHARGE OF THE EXPERIMENT....

HENRY...HICKS...HERE IT IS, FREDERICK HOLT! HARVARD, 1928, INSTRUCTOR OF PHYSICS, COLUMBIA 193...YUP THAT'S MY BOY.



FROM THE CURRENT "SCIENTISTS AND PHYSICISTS MANUAL", HARRY WEBB GOT A CLUE WHICH WAS TO LEAD HIM TO PROFESSOR FREDERICK HOLT...

YES, I'M MRS. CARVER. CAN I BE OF SOME HELP TO YOU?

I'M LARRY WOLF. I REPRESENT THE "SCIENTISTS QUARTLY", MRS. CARVER. WE'RE DOING A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE WIVES OF GREAT SCIENTISTS!



WE KNOW THAT YOUR DAUGHTER, EILEEN, IS MARRIED TO FREDERICK HOLT...AND I WANTED TO DO AN ARTICLE ON HER. SO FAR, THOUGH, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE HER. CAN YOU HELP ME?

WELL, I...ER..I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TELL A SOUL...BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL DO ANY HARM TO TELL A NICE YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU! SHE AND FREDERICK ARE IN....



IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. THREE DAYS LATER FOUND HARRY IN LOS DELMO, NEW MEXICO...

WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUMP THIS IS! OH, WELL, FOR A MILLION BUCKS, I CAN'T COMPLAIN! THE CARVER DAME SAID THE LAB WAS NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN....



BY DUSK OF THAT EVENING, HARRY LOCATED THE HOLT LABORATORY.....

HIYA PROFESSOR, BE CAREFUL WITH THAT STUFF YOU'RE MEASURING...I WOULDN'T WANT NOTHIN' TO HAPPEN TO YOU... YET!



HARRY KEPT A CAREFUL VIGIL AT THE LABORATORY EVERY NIGHT UNTIL HE WAS SURE...SURE THE FORMULA HAD BEEN COMPLETED.....

I'LL CERTAINLY BE GLAD TO LEAVE NEW MEXICO, EILEEN! IT WAS NICE THOUGH, WORKING WITHOUT I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THE F.B.I. CONSTANTLY WE'D BE HERE FOREVER! HOVERING OVER US! I

LIKE YOUR WORKING HERE RATHER THAN WASHINGTON!



THIS TIME THEY THOUGHT WE'D BE SAFER WAY OUT HERE ALONE WHERE NOBODY KNEW WHO WE WERE OR WHAT I WAS WORKING ON! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE FORMULA'S COMPLETED, EILEEN. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT IT WILL MEAN? MILLIONS OF AMERICANS WILL BE SAFE.... FREE FROM....

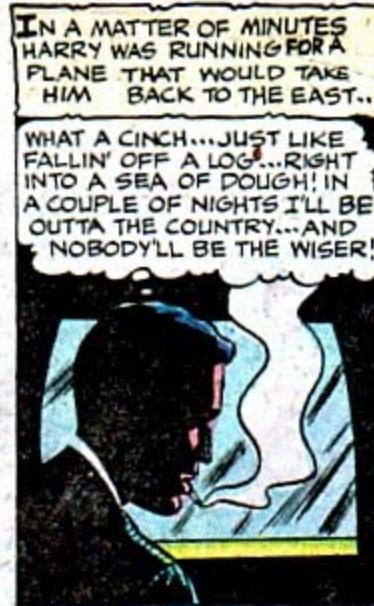


'FREE FROM NOTHIN', BROTHER! I'M TAKING THAT FORMULA! I GOT A BETTER USE FOR IT THAN YOU DO! THIS PEN HAS LIGNITE GAS IN IT, PROFESSOR. FIVE DROPS. WH...WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT FORMULA?

SKIP THE QUESTIONS, PROFESSOR. I'LL DO THE ASKING AROUND HERE AND YOU DO THE ANSWERING! NOW WHERE'S THE....



STOP THE PATRIOTIC DRIVEL, HOLT! I AIN'T INTERESTED...I DON'T CARE WHO'S GOT THIS FORMULA...ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS THE MILLION BUCKS I'M GETTIN' FOR IT! AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR US TO SAY "GOOD-BYE", PROFESSOR....



BUT HARRY WAS WRONG.. ALREADY THE F.B.I. WAS GETTING "WISE"

YEAH, THEY'RE BOTH DEAD, KILLED BY GAS, CHIEF...AND THE FORMULA'S GONE! WE'RE MAKING A THOROUGH SEARCH NOW!!

EILEEN (SOB) D-DEAD! I-IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I TOLD HIM WHERE TO FIND THEM! HE WAS TALL, ABOUT THIRTY EIGHT AND...

THAT DESCRIPTION FITS GASSY WEBB!!

THAT'S A BREAK! WEBB IS OUR MAN, WE'LL HAVE HIS NAME AND DESCRIPTION BROADCASTED IN A FEW MINUTES!

ATTENTION, SPECIAL BULLETIN TO ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HARRY, ALIAS "GASSY," WEBB! THIS MAN IS CARRYING A FORMULA STOLEN FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WHICH MUST BE RE-COVERED AT ALL COSTS! DESCRIPTION FOLLOWS....

WHEN HARRY WEBB'S PLANE REACHED NEW YORK....

THE BULLS! I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!



HEY LOOK...RUNNING ACROSS THE FIELD!

STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!

AFTER HIM, MEN!



THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT ENABLED HARRY WEBB TO MAKE GOOD HIS ESCAPE FROM THE AIR FIELD... A HITCH FROM A PASSING MOTORIST GOT HIM INTO THE CITY....

THANK YOU FOR THE LIFT, BUDDY.... GLAD TO HELP YOU!!

CLARK TAYLOR  
OF BAD LIVER

A CROWDED SUBWAY TOOK HARRY DOWN TO THE DOCK AREA OF NEW YORK...

NOW I'LL MAKE FOR THE DOCKS!



EVERY POLICE OFFICER IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK WAS ALERTED... IT WAS A DEADLY AND SERIOUS SEARCH... THE WELFARE OF THE NATION WAS AT STAKE!

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? HOW COME GASSY WEBB GOT TO BE SO IMPORTANT ALL OF A SUDDEN?

I DON'T KNOW, BILL... BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THE BIG BRASS SO ALARMED. IT SURE MUST BE SOMETHING BIG, ALL RIGHT!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WHILE HARRY WEBB SLEPT IN HIS DEEP HATCH BELOW DECK, THE CAPTAIN OF THE VESSEL MADE SOME "FINAL" ARRANGEMENTS!!

I MADE A FINAL CHECK LAST NIGHT... ALL THE MEN ARE OFF THE SHIP. ARE YOU SURE THIS'LL BE EFFECTIVE?

I GUARANTEE IT, CAPTAIN! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERY ONE OF THEM!

THE PORT AUTHORITIES WOULDN'T LET THE SHIP CLEAR UNTIL THE HOLDS WERE FUMIGATED!!!

GASSY WEBB HIDING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE SILENT DOCKS FOUND THE SHIP THAT MEANT FREEDOM FOR HIM!

S.S. ROSSIA! WHAT A BREAK! I'LL STOW BELOW DECK WHERE NOBODY'LL FIND ME! I'LL MEET THE AGENT ON SCHEDULE.... EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST LIKE I PLANNED!



NO ONE SAW GASSY WEBB AS HE QUIETLY CREPTE BELOW DECK AND SECRETED HIMSELF IN A SILENT HATCH.

THIS SHIP IS GOING TO RUN WITHOUT ANY CARGO BUT ME TILL WE GET TO MEXICO. UGH, LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE RATS FOR COMPANY FOR AWHILE!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, CAPTAIN! WHEN WE GET THROUGH... THERE WON'T BE A RAT LEFT ON THAT SHIP!

ACME FUMIGATING CO.  
BEWARE!!  
POISON GAS

NOW YOU CAN FUMIGATE THE HOLDS.

THE WORKMAN WAS RIGHT... NOT A RAT WAS LEFT ALIVE, NOT EVEN HARRY WEBB!!

H-HELP... I'M CHOKING! I... I'VE BEEN (COUGH, COUGH) BEEN... GASSED!



THE END